WHAT GOOD IS LOVE WITHOUT A BIG, FAT, HEALTHY DOSE OF...
#17
PETEY O'BAGGIE'S
HATE!
RECOMMENDED FOR SEXY SENIOR CITIZENS
$3.95 in CAN.
$2.95
GASP! IT'S AN ORIGINAL "MADBALL"!
I KNOW A GUY IN TEANECK WHO'LL PAY TOP DOLLAR FOR THIS!
IS IT "MINT"?
CITY DUMP
NO TOXIC WASTE
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FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

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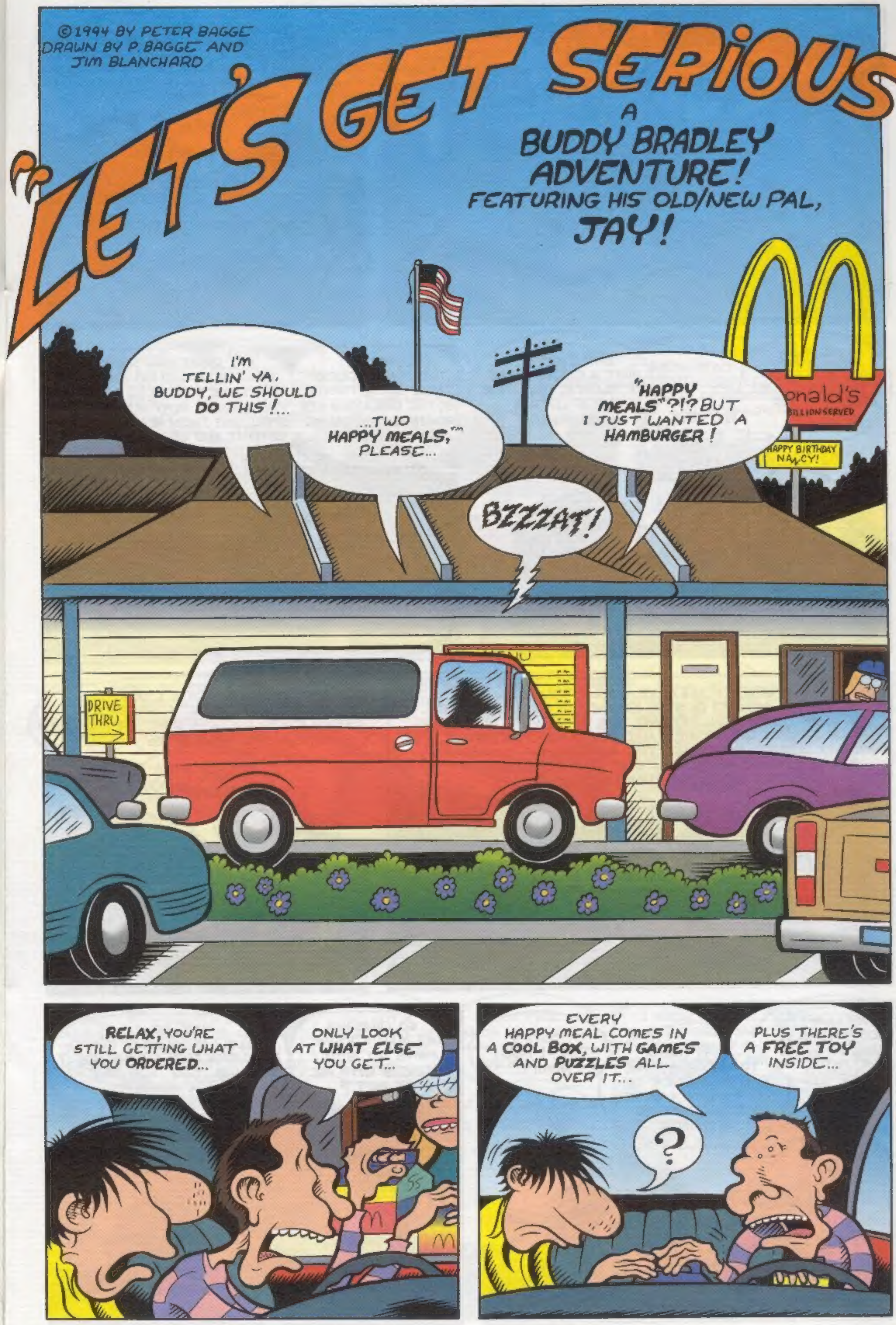
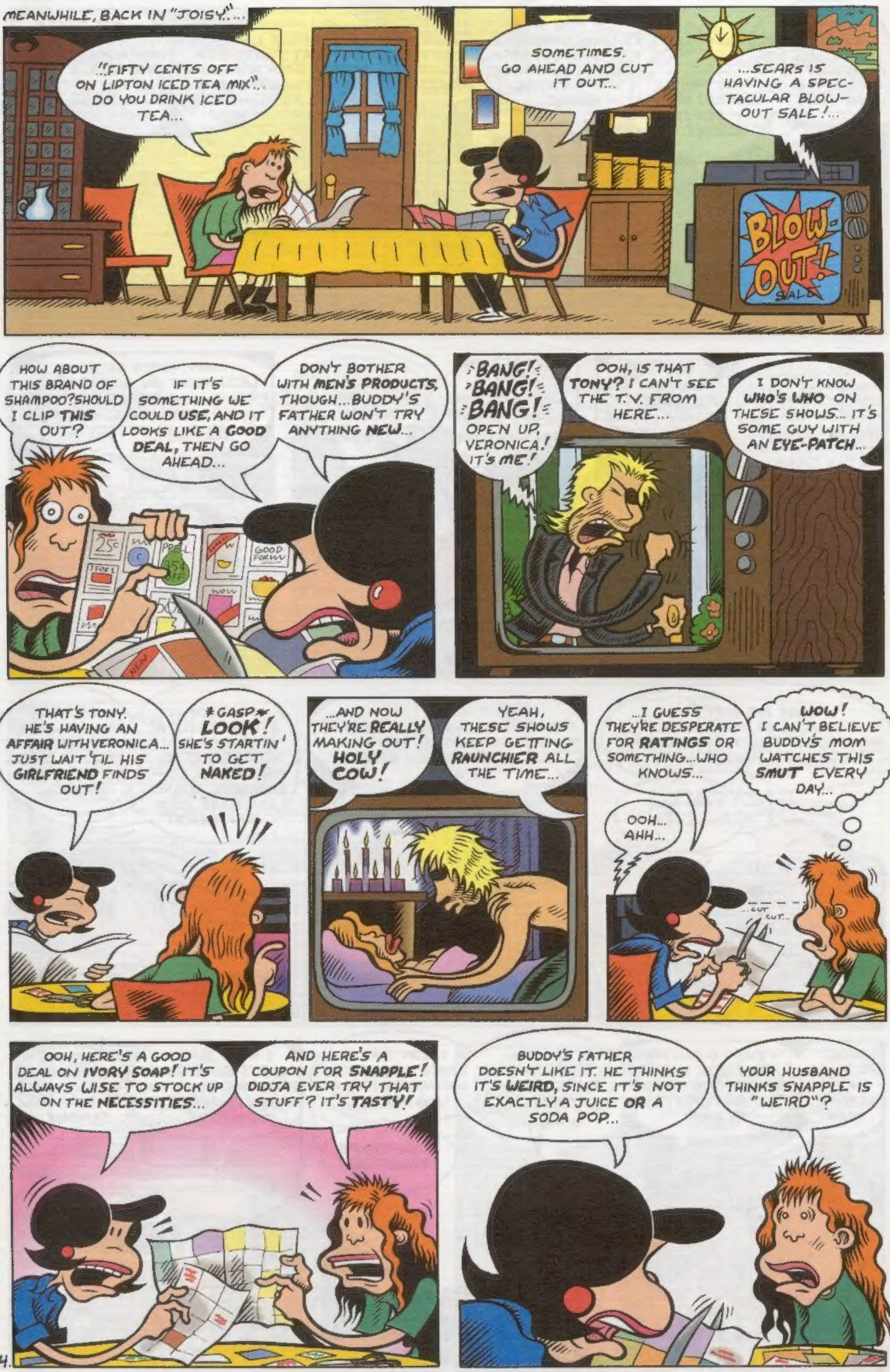
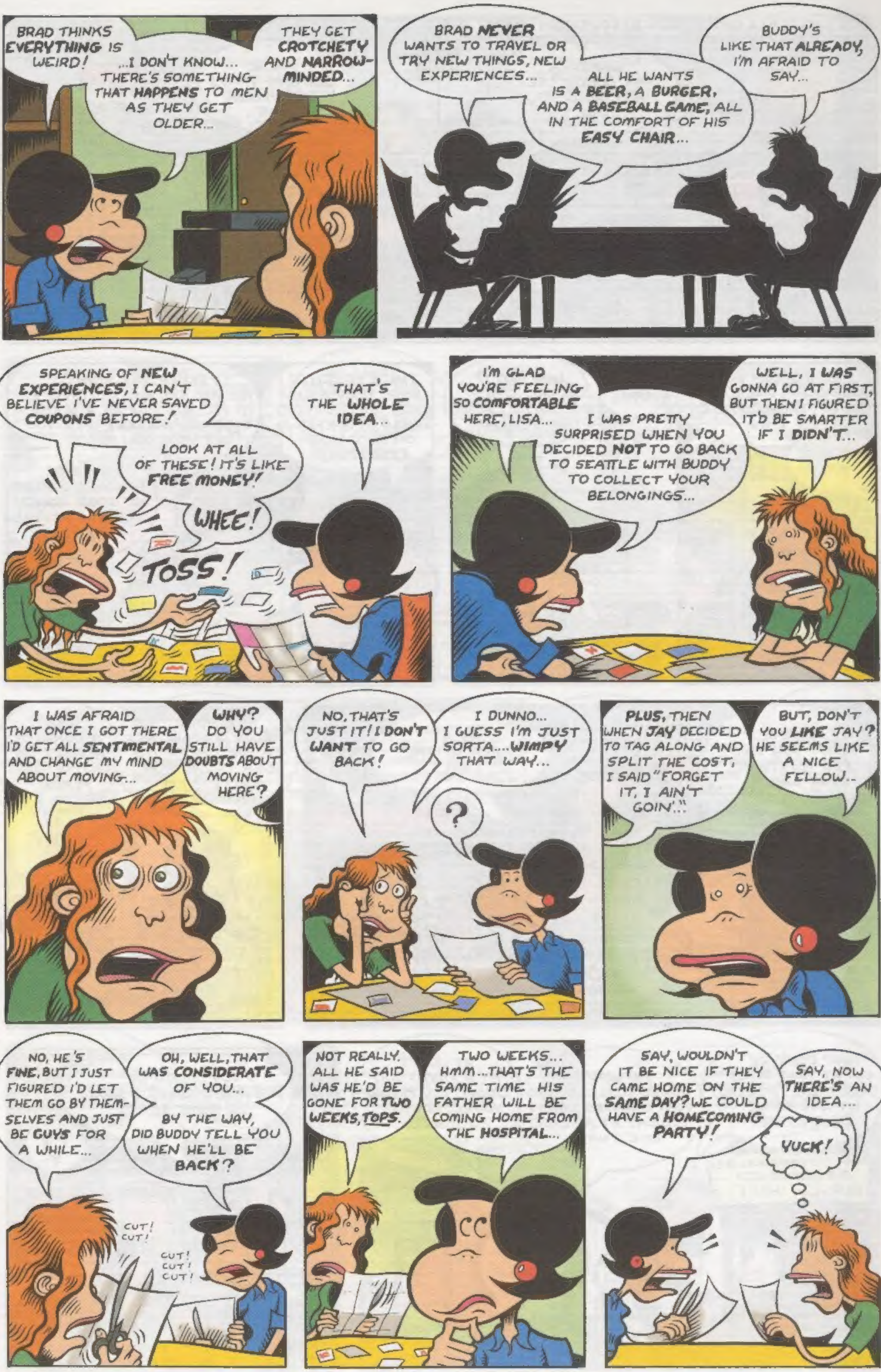

©1994 BY PETER BAGGE
DRAWN BY P. BAGGE AND JIM BLANCHARD
"LET'S GET SERIOUS"
A BUDDY BRADLEY ADVENTURE!
FEATURING HIS OLD/NEW PAL, JAY!
I'M TELLIN' YA, BUDDY, WE SHOULD DO THIS!...
...TWO HAPPY MEALS,™ PLEASE...
BZZZAT!
"HAPPY MEALS"?!? BUT I JUST WANTED A HAMBURGER!
DRIVE THRU
HAPPY BIRTHDAY NANCY!
RELAX, YOU'RE STILL GETTING WHAT YOU ORDERED...
ONLY LOOK AT WHAT ELSE YOU GET...
EVERY HAPPY MEAL COMES IN A COOL BOX, WITH GAMES AND PUZZLES ALL OVER IT...
PLUS THERE'S A FREE TOY INSIDE...
?

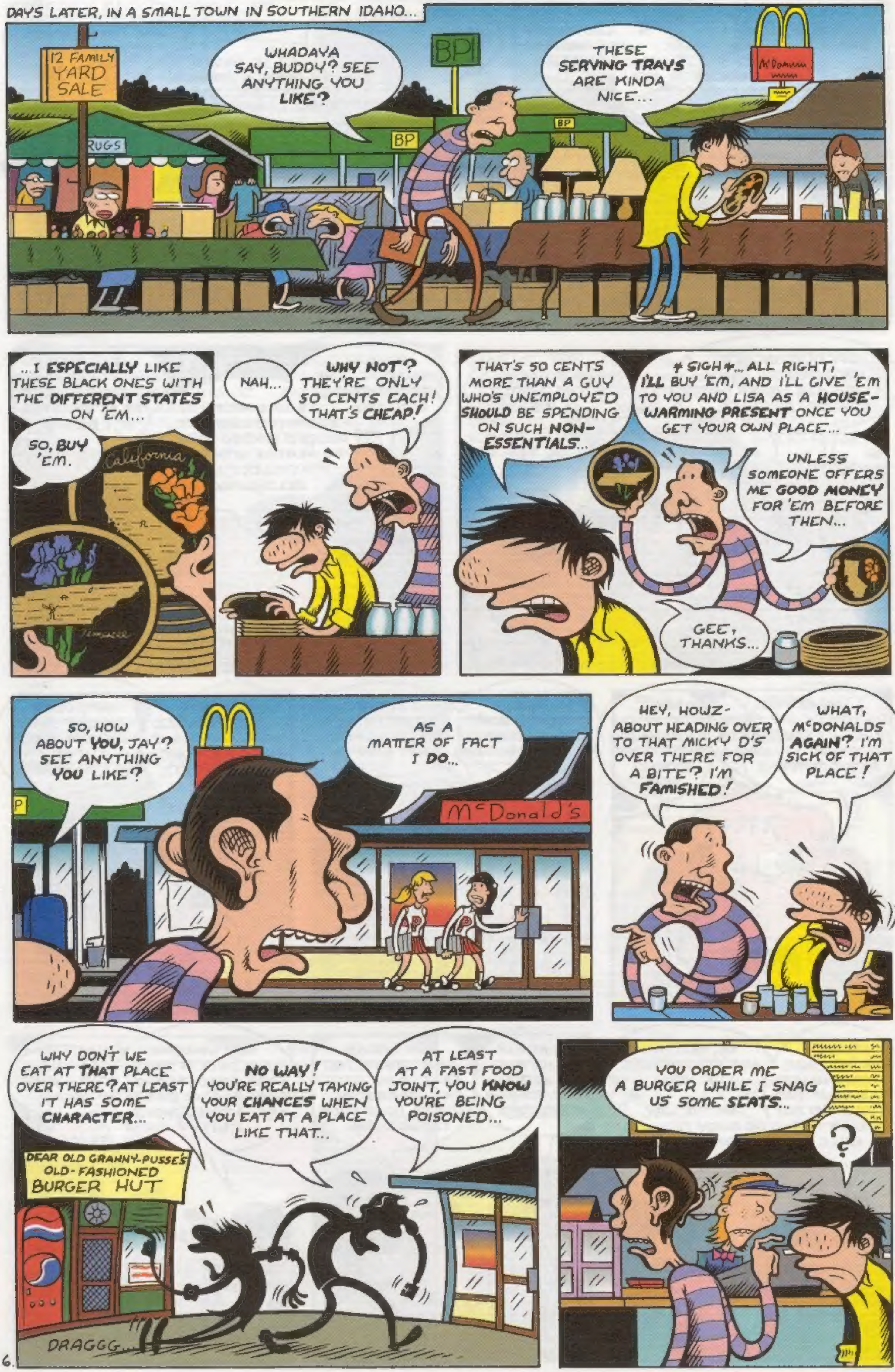
CHECK IT OUT! FLINTSTONE FIGURINES!
I GOT PEBBLES AND DINO!
I GOT FRED... ONLY IT ISN'T FRED, EXACTLY...
IT LOOKS MORE LIKE THE ACTOR JOHN GOODMAN DRESSED AS FRED FLINTSTONE...
OH WELL, I GUESS I'LL SAVE THIS FOR MY NEPHEW...
WHAT?!? NO WAY!
SNATCH!
DON'T EVER GIVE A TOY TO A KID! HE'LL JUST BREAK IT OR LOSE IT...
I'LL TAKE IT IF YOU DON'T WANT IT...
BUT THAT'S JUST A CHEAP HUNK OF PLASTIC THAT CAME FREE WITH A HAMBURGER!
EXACTLY! THE MORE ACCESSIBLE SOMETHING IS, THE GREATER ITS SENTIMENTAL VALUE LATER IN LIFE...
RIGHT NOW SOME EIGHT-YEAR-OLD KID JUST GOT THIS SAME TOY...HE'LL STUDY IT FOR A WHILE, PLAY WITH IT FOR A SPELL, BUT THEN HE'LL GET BORED WITH IT, AND WILL EITHER TRADE IT, GIVE IT AWAY OR SIMPLY LOSE IT...
...THEN, FIFTEEN YEARS LATER, HE'LL BE SITTING AROUND GETTING STONED WITH HIS BUDDIES, AND SOMETHING WILL REMIND HIM OF IT, AND HE'LL GO: "Y'KNOW, WHEN I WAS A KID I HAD THIS FRED FLINTSTONE TOY, ONLY IT LOOKED MORE LIKE THE ACTOR JOHN GOODMAN, BECAUSE THAT MOVIE WAS OUT AT THE TIME... IT WAS THE WEIRDEST FUCKING THING"...
THRIFT STOR
THAT'S WHEN I STEP IN AND SAY: "TAKE A GANDER, ASSHOLE—30 DOLLARS WORTH OF MEMORIES RIGHT IN THE PALM OF MY HAND"...
THIRTY DOLLARS?!
AT LEAST! BECAUSE HE'LL HAVE TO HAVE IT!
THAT NEED TO RECLAIM SOME DUSTY CORNER OF YOUR YOUTH CAN BE OVERWHELMING AT TIMES...
THAT'S TRUE, I MUST ADMIT...
CHOMP!
CHOMP
SO WHADAYA SAY, MAN? DO YA WANNA GO INTO BUSINESS WITH ME OR NOT?
WHAT, AS A FELLOW PEDDLER OF CHEAP, INSIGNIFICANT MEMORIES? I DUNNO, MAN...I'LL HAVE TO THINK ABOUT IT...

WHAT'S TO THINK ABOUT? LOOK AT ALL THE GREAT STUFF I'VE BEEN BUYING ON THIS TRIP...
LIKE THOSE VINTAGE SHIRTS I BOUGHT FOR TEN CENTS EACH!
OR THAT 1973 ST. LOUIS CARDINALS PRESS GUIDE, BACK WHEN TEN SIMMONS WAS A TOTAL HIPPIE...
EXACTLY! STUFF LIKE THAT IS PRICELESS!
HOW ABOUT THAT PLASMATICS L.P. WE FOUND AT THAT FLEA MARKET BACK IN INDIANA? YOU KNOW WHAT SOMETHING LIKE THAT GOES FOR BACK IN NEW YORK CITY?
BUT THAT'S JUST IT—THE ONLY PLACES YOU CAN FIND DEALS LIKE THAT ARE OUT HERE IN THE BOONIES, AND I HATE IT OUT HERE!
PIZZA
EXIT
ONCE WE GET TO SEATTLE I JUST WANT TO LOAD UP ALL OF MY OLD STUFF AND HEAD RIGHT BACK TO NEW JERSEY! ALL THIS TRAVELLING IS FOR THE BIRDS...
YOU MAY FEEL THAT WAY, BUT I LOVE EXPLORING THESE BACKWOODS TOWNS...
?!? WHAT ARE YOU STOPPING FOR?
I JUST HAD A BRAINSTORM...
SCREEECH!
OKAY, HERE'S THE PLAN: WE'LL RENT AN OLD STOREFRONT—OR BETTER YET, SOME CHEAP WAREHOUSE—SOMEWHERE IN JERSEY...
NOW WAIT A MINUTE...
HEAR ME OUT! NOW, YOU CAN WORK THERE BY YOURSELF, FILLING OUT ORDERS, COMPILING A MAILING LIST, ETC...
UH-HUH, WHILE YOU—
WHILE I SCOUR THE COUNTRYSIDE, DIGGIN' UP DEALS, DOING TRADE SHOWS...YOU KNOW, ALL THE STUFF YOU HATE TO DO!
HMMMM...
THINK OF IT, BUDDY! YOU'LL BE YOUR OWN MAN! NO BOSSES! NO OBNOXIOUS CO-WORKERS! AND YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN HOURS!
LET ME MULL IT OVER... SOUNDS GOOD, BUT I NEED TO DWELL ON IT FOR A WHILE...
FINE, YOU DWELL ON IT. THERE'S NO RUSH...
SNIFF SNIFF* AHH, THESE HAPPY MEALS TOYS NEVER LOSE THAT SALTY, FAST-FOOD FLAVOR...
I'VE GOT A CLOSET FULL OF THESE THINGS AT HOME...
EVERY TIME I OPEN IT I GET A HANKERING FOR A BIG MAC...
EWWW! THAT'S DISGUSTING!
I KNOW, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING DELICIOUS ABOUT THE DISGUSTINGNESS OF McDONALDS...
HMMM... THAT SHOULD BE THEIR NEW SLOGAN...

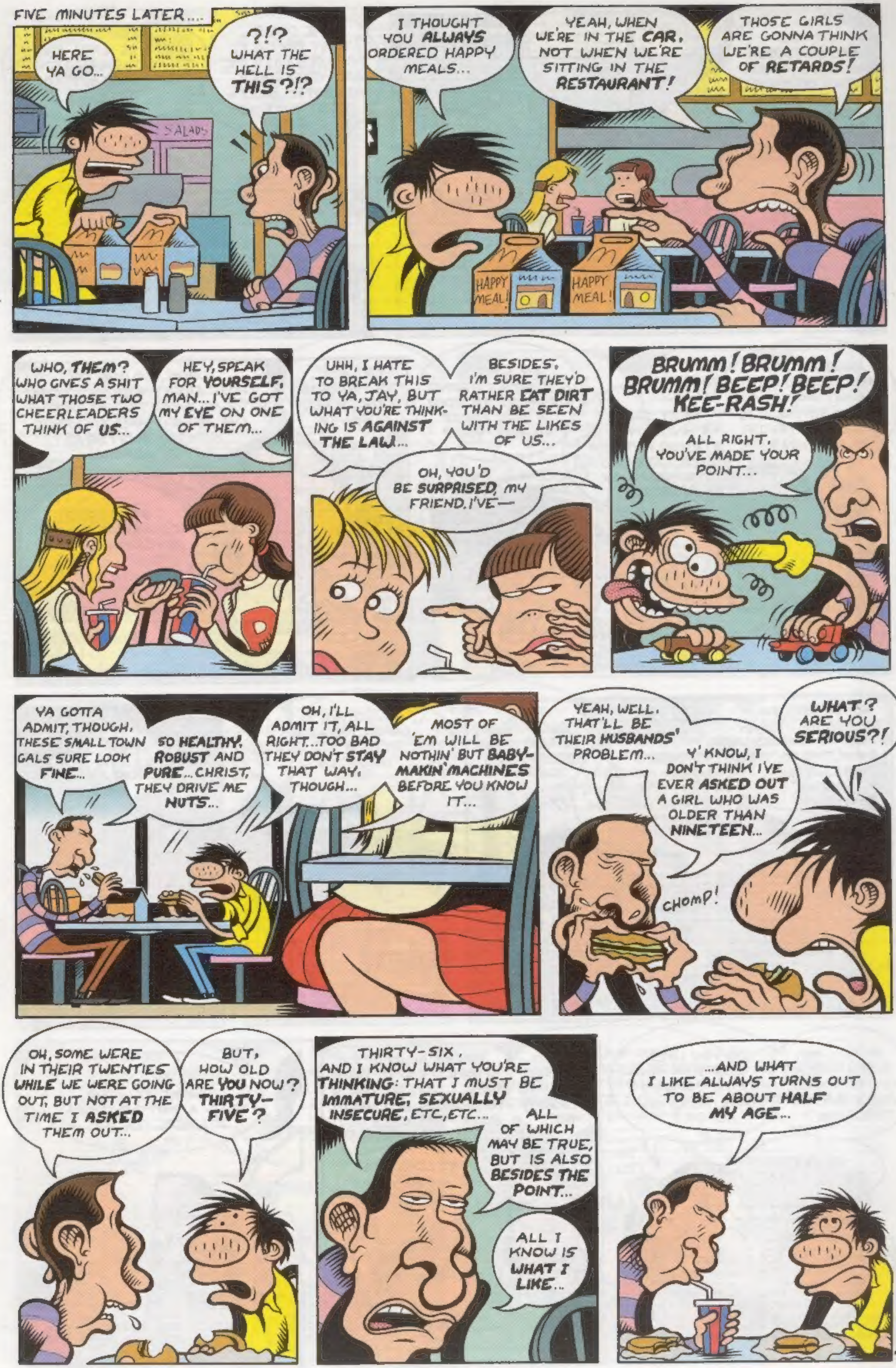


MEANWHILE, BACK IN "JOISY"...
"FIFTY CENTS OFF ON LIPTON ICED TEA MIX"... DO YOU DRINK ICED TEA...
SOMETIMES. GO AHEAD AND CUT IT OUT...
...SEARS IS HAVING A SPECTACULAR BLOW-OUT SALE!...
BLOW-OUT!
HOW ABOUT THIS BRAND OF SHAMPOO? SHOULD I CLIP THIS OUT?
IF IT'S SOMETHING WE COULD USE, AND IT LOOKS LIKE A GOOD DEAL, THEN GO AHEAD...
DON'T BOTHER WITH MEN'S PRODUCTS, THOUGH... BUDDY'S FATHER WON'T TRY ANYTHING NEW...
BANG! BANG! BANG! OPEN UP, VERONICA! IT'S ME!
OOH, IS THAT TONY? I CAN'T SEE THE T.V. FROM HERE...
I DON'T KNOW WHO'S WHO ON THESE SHOWS... IT'S SOME GUY WITH AN EYE-PATCH...
THAT'S TONY. HE'S HAVING AN AFFAIR WITH VERONICA... JUST WAIT 'TIL HIS GIRLFRIEND FINDS OUT!
GASP LOOK! SHE'S STARTIN' TO GET NAKED!
...AND NOW THEY'RE REALLY MAKING OUT! HOLY COW!
YEAH, THESE SHOWS KEEP GETTING RAUNCHIER ALL THE TIME...
...I GUESS THEY'RE DESPERATE FOR RATINGS OR SOMETHING... WHO KNOWS...
WOW! I CAN'T BELIEVE BUDDY'S MOM WATCHES THIS SMUT EVERY DAY...
OOH... AHH...
CUT CUT...
OOH, HERE'S A GOOD DEAL ON IVORY SOAP! IT'S ALWAYS WISE TO STOCK UP ON THE NECESSITIES...
AND HERE'S A COUPON FOR SNAPPLE! DIDJA EVER TRY THAT STUFF? IT'S TASTY!
BUDDY'S FATHER DOESN'T LIKE IT. HE THINKS IT'S WEIRD, SINCE IT'S NOT EXACTLY A JUICE OR A SODA POP...
YOUR HUSBAND THINKS SNAPPLE IS "WEIRD"?


BRAD THINKS EVERYTHING IS WEIRD!
...I DON'T KNOW... THERE'S SOMETHING THAT HAPPENS TO MEN AS THEY GET OLDER...
THEY GET CROTCHETY AND NARROW-MINDED...
BRAD NEVER WANTS TO TRAVEL OR TRY NEW THINGS, NEW EXPERIENCES...
ALL HE WANTS IS A BEER, A BURGER, AND A BASEBALL GAME, ALL IN THE COMFORT OF HIS EASY CHAIR...
BUDDY'S LIKE THAT ALREADY, I'M AFRAID TO SAY...
SPEAKING OF NEW EXPERIENCES, I CAN'T BELIEVE I'VE NEVER SAVED COUPONS BEFORE!
LOOK AT ALL OF THESE! IT'S LIKE FREE MONEY!
WHEE!
TOSS!
THAT'S THE WHOLE IDEA...
I'M GLAD YOU'RE FEELING SO COMFORTABLE HERE, LISA...
I WAS PRETTY SURPRISED WHEN YOU DECIDED NOT TO GO BACK TO SEATTLE WITH BUDDY TO COLLECT YOUR BELONGINGS...
WELL, I WAS GONNA GO AT FIRST, BUT THEN I FIGURED IT'D BE SMARTER IF I DIDN'T...
I WAS AFRAID THAT ONCE I GOT THERE I'D GET ALL SENTIMENTAL AND CHANGE MY MIND ABOUT MOVING...
WHY? DO YOU STILL HAVE DOUBTS ABOUT MOVING HERE?
NO, THAT'S JUST IT! I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK!
I DUNNO... I GUESS I'M JUST SORTA... WIMPY THAT WAY...
?
PLUS, THEN WHEN JAY DECIDED TO TAG ALONG AND SPLIT THE COST, I SAID "FORGET IT, I AIN'T GOIN'."
BUT, DON'T YOU LIKE JAY? HE SEEMS LIKE A NICE FELLOW..
NO, HE'S FINE, BUT I JUST FIGURED I'D LET THEM GO BY THEMSELVES AND JUST BE GUYS FOR A WHILE...
OH, WELL, THAT WAS CONSIDERATE OF YOU...
BY THE WAY, DID BUDDY TELL YOU WHEN HE'LL BE BACK?
CUT! CUT!
CUT! CUT! CUT!
NOT REALLY. ALL HE SAID WAS HE'D BE GONE FOR TWO WEEKS, TOPS.
TWO WEEKS... HMM... THAT'S THE SAME TIME HIS FATHER WILL BE COMING HOME FROM THE HOSPITAL...
SAY, WOULDN'T IT BE NICE IF THEY CAME HOME ON THE SAME DAY? WE COULD HAVE A HOMECOMING PARTY!
SAY, NOW THERE'S AN IDEA...
YUCK!



DAYS LATER, IN A SMALL TOWN IN SOUTHERN IDAHO...
12 FAMILY YARD SALE
RUGS
BP
WHADAYA SAY, BUDDY? SEE ANYTHING YOU LIKE?
THESE SERVING TRAYS ARE KINDA NICE...
...I ESPECIALLY LIKE THESE BLACK ONES WITH THE DIFFERENT STATES ON 'EM...
SO, BUY 'EM.
California
NAH...
WHY NOT? THEY'RE ONLY 50 CENTS EACH! THAT'S CHEAP!
THAT'S 50 CENTS MORE THAN A GUY WHO'S UNEMPLOYED SHOULD BE SPENDING ON SUCH NON-ESSENTIALS...
SIGH... ALL RIGHT, I'LL BUY 'EM, AND I'LL GIVE 'EM TO YOU AND LISA AS A HOUSE-WARMING PRESENT ONCE YOU GET YOUR OWN PLACE...
UNLESS SOMEONE OFFERS ME GOOD MONEY FOR 'EM BEFORE THEN...
GEE, THANKS...
SO, HOW ABOUT YOU, JAY? SEE ANYTHING YOU LIKE?
AS A MATTER OF FACT I DO...
McDonald's
HEY, HOWZ-ABOUT HEADING OVER TO THAT MICKY D'S OVER THERE FOR A BITE? I'M FAMISHED!
WHAT, McDONALDS AGAIN? I'M SICK OF THAT PLACE!
WHY DON'T WE EAT AT THAT PLACE OVER THERE? AT LEAST IT HAS SOME CHARACTER...
NO WAY! YOU'RE REALLY TAKING YOUR CHANCES WHEN YOU EAT AT A PLACE LIKE THAT...
AT LEAST AT A FAST FOOD JOINT, YOU KNOW YOU'RE BEING POISONED...
DEAR OLD GRANNY-PUSSE'S OLD-FASHIONED BURGER HUT
DRAGGG...
YOU ORDER ME A BURGER WHILE I SNAG US SOME SEATS...
?

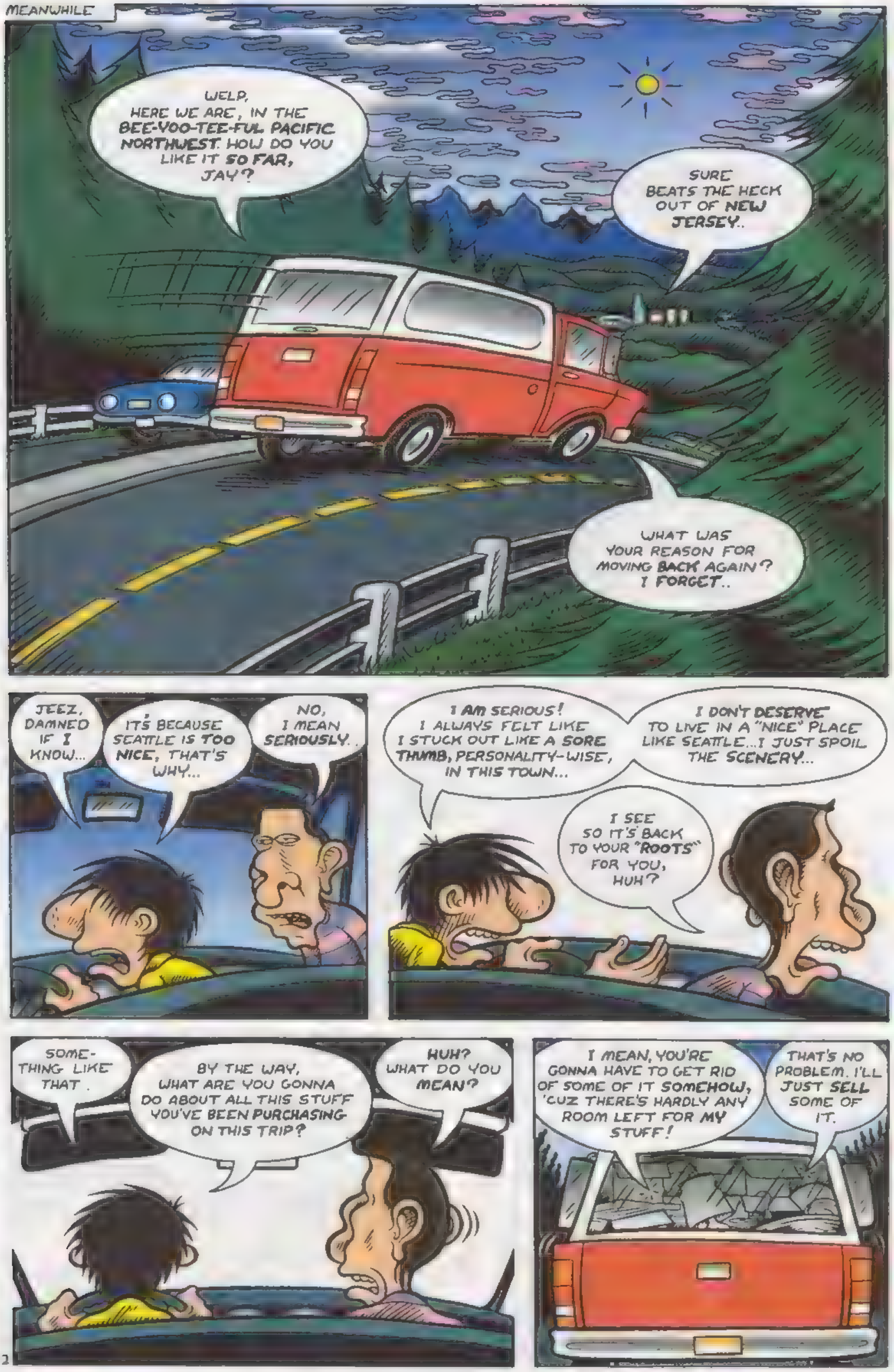

FIVE MINUTES LATER....
HERE YA GO...
?!? WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?!?
I THOUGHT YOU ALWAYS ORDERED HAPPY MEALS...
YEAH, WHEN WE'RE IN THE CAR, NOT WHEN WE'RE SITTING IN THE RESTAURANT!
THOSE GIRLS ARE GONNA THINK WE'RE A COUPLE OF RETARDS!
HAPPY MEAL!
HAPPY MEAL!
WHO, THEM? WHO GIVES A SHIT WHAT THOSE TWO CHEERLEADERS THINK OF US...
HEY, SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, MAN... I'VE GOT MY EYE ON ONE OF THEM...
UHH, I HATE TO BREAK THIS TO YA, JAY, BUT WHAT YOU'RE THINKING IS AGAINST THE LAW...
BESIDES, I'M SURE THEY'D RATHER EAT DIRT THAN BE SEEN WITH THE LIKES OF US...
OH, YOU'D BE SURPRISED, MY FRIEND. I'VE—
BRUMM! BRUMM! BRUMM! BEEP! BEEP! KEE-RASH!
ALL RIGHT, YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT...
YA GOTTA ADMIT, THOUGH, THESE SMALL TOWN GALS SURE LOOK FINE...
SO HEALTHY, ROBUST AND PURE... CHRIST, THEY DRIVE ME NUTS...
OH, I'LL ADMIT IT, ALL RIGHT... TOO BAD THEY DON'T STAY THAT WAY, THOUGH...
MOST OF 'EM WILL BE NOTHIN' BUT BABY-MAKIN' MACHINES BEFORE YOU KNOW IT...
YEAH, WELL, THAT'LL BE THEIR HUSBANDS' PROBLEM...
Y'KNOW, I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER ASKED OUT A GIRL WHO WAS OLDER THAN NINETEEN...
WHAT? ARE YOU SERIOUS?!
CHOMP!
OH, SOME WERE IN THEIR TWENTIES WHILE WE WERE GOING OUT, BUT NOT AT THE TIME I ASKED THEM OUT...
BUT, HOW OLD ARE YOU NOW? THIRTY-FIVE?
THIRTY-SIX, AND I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING: THAT I MUST BE IMMATURE, SEXUALLY INSECURE, ETC, ETC...
ALL OF WHICH MAY BE TRUE, BUT IS ALSO BESIDES THE POINT...
ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I LIKE...
...AND WHAT I LIKE ALWAYS TURNS OUT TO BE ABOUT HALF MY AGE...

SO YOU WERE SERIOUSLY THINKING ABOUT HITTING ON THOSE TWO GIRLS OVER THERE? UN-BELIEVABLE...
NAH, YOU WERE RIGHT. THEY LOOK WAY TOO NORMAL AND WELL ADJUSTED TO GIVE A CREEP LIKE ME A SECOND LOOK...
THE ONES THAT DO GET INVOLVED WITH ME ARE YOUR BASIC NEUROTIC, SELF-DESTRUCTIVE TYPES...
WHICH MAY ALSO BE WHY MY RELATIONSHIPS NEVER SEEM TO LAST TOO LONG...
MOST OF 'EM ARE REBELLING AGAINST MOMMY AND DADDY, SO THEY'RE WILLING TO TRY OR DO ANYTHING...
NEXT THING YA KNOW THEY'RE STRUNG OUT ON SMACK, WORKING AS STRIPPERS OR WORSE...
SO WHO IS IT THAT'S TURNING 'EM ON TO HEROIN IN THE FIRST PLACE? YOU?
ER, WELL, THE THING IS, I, UH... *HOO-BOY!*
LOOK, I'M ONE OF THOSE LUCKY FEW WHO CAN STOP AT ANY TIME—THAT IS, I'VE NEVER HAD TROUBLE KICKING ANYTHING, EVEN HEROIN...
SO I USED TO ASSUME THAT EVERYONE WAS THAT WAY, YA KNOW?
HMMM...
BUT ONCE I SAW HOW BADLY IT CAN SCREW UP PEOPLE'S LIVES, I BACKED AWAY FROM THAT WHOLE SCENE...
NOW I WOULD NEVER DREAM OF TURNING A YOUNG GIRL ON TO THAT KIND OF THING...
HOW ABOUT YOU? DO YOU STILL SHOOT UP?
WHO, ME? UH-UH, NO WAY! THAT STUFF'S ALL BEHIND ME, MAN...
NO WAY...
TAP TAP TAP...
SO TELL ME, BUDDY, WHICH ONE OF THOSE GIRLS IS YOUR TYPE, HMM?
DO YOU LIKE 'EM MEATY, OR KINDA PETITE? HMMM? C'MON MAN, FILL ME IN!
OH JEEZ, I DON'T KNOW...
FEH... Y'KNOW, YOU YOUNG GUYS SLAY ME...
YOU'RE ALWAYS SO WORRIED ABOUT YOUR PRIDE WHEN IT COMES TO WOMEN, BUT WHERE DOES PRIDE EVER GET YOU? NOWHERE!
AT LEAST I'M NOT A DIRTY OLD MAN LIKE YOU...
YEAH, WELL, LEMME TELL YA, BEING A DIRTY OLD MAN IS WHERE IT'S AT...

THAT EVENING...
@#☹%~ GOLDURNED MACHINE...
SHAKE SHAKE
♪ WHERE EVERYBODY KNOWS YOUR NAY-EE-AME... ♪
SO, HOW'S IT GOIN', LISA? ARE YOU BORED OUTTA YOUR MIND YET?
NAH. IN FACT, I'M HAVIN' A BLAST!
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE HOW WELL I'VE BEEN GETTING ALONG WITH YOUR MOTHER! IT'S ALMOST SCARY!
SO THE TWO OF YOU HAVE BEEN "BONDING," HUH? GO FIGURE..
...THESE SNACK DISPENSERS ACTUALLY GAUGE HOW MUCH FOOD WE TAKE OUT SO THEY CAN ADD IT TO OUR BILL! HOW SLEAZY CAN YOU GET!
TOMORROW WE'RE GOING TO PLAY BINGO IN HER CHURCH'S BASEMENT, AND I CAN HARDLY WAIT! I'VE NEVER GAMBLED BEFORE!
IT'S SO UNFAIR OF THEM TO TEMPT ME LIKE THIS..
THERE'S GOTTA BE A WAY TO RIG THIS THING.
COMMITTING A VICE IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD, HUH? SOUNDS LIKE FUN...
SO WHAT ARE YOU DOING RIGHT NOW?
OH, JUST WATCHING RE-RUNS OF "CHEERS", AND WONDERING WHAT THE LOCAL MORMONS MAKE OF A SHOW LIKE THIS...
I WONDER WHAT THE MORMONS MAKE OF EVERYTHING...
THEY PROBABLY RECEIVE CODED MESSAGES FROM BRIGHAM YOUNG VIA EPISODES OF "DEEP SPACE NINE"!..
SO TELL ME, BUDDY, ARE YOU MASTURBATING RIGHT NOW?
WHAT? NO WAY! (JAY'S RIGHT NEXT TO ME, LISA!)
UMMPH! I GIVE UP.
SO WHAT? JUST STICK YOUR HAND DOWN YOUR PANTS! HE WON'T CARE!
PLOP!
UH-UH, NO WAY! (MAYBE I'LL DO IT IN THE BATHROOM LATER).
AWWW...WHY DON'T THE TWO OF YOU JUST JERK EACH OTHER OFF? THAT WOULD BE KINDA CUTE, DON'TCHA THINK? (TEE-HEE!)
OH YEAH, THAT WOULD BE ADORABLE...
CHOFF! CHOFF!

SO WHAT'S JAY DOING? IS HE JUST LYING THERE, TOO? DOES HE HAVE HIS PAJAMAS ON?
NO P.J.'S, JUST BOXERS AND A T-SHIRT AND SOCKS
CHOMP!
WHAT COLOR SOCKS? BLACK? WHITE?
NEITHER. THEY'RE ARGYLE. SORTOFA MAROON-ISH COLOR...
ARGYLE? REALLY? OOOOOH.
HEY, ARE YOU GETTING OFF ON THIS INFORMATION?
MAYBE I AM. WHAT'S IT TO YOU?
(NOTHING. ONLY I DIDN'T KNOW JAY WAS YOUR TYPE)..
NORM!
I DON'T HAVE A "TYPE"— NO, WAIT: GUYS WITH PENISES, THAT'S MY TYPE!
IS THAT SO. I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE SO PARTICULAR.
UM-HUM! THOSE GUYS WITH PENISES, THEY GET ME EVERY TIME...
I GUESS I'D BETTER BE ON MY GUARD WHENEVER SOME GUY WITH A PENIS IS HANGIN' AROUND...
GLUG!
PEPSI
OH JEEZ. I GOT A REAL PUDDLE GOIN' I'D BETTER HANG UP...
OH, OKAY, YOU GO HAVE FUN. I'LL CALL YOU AGAIN SOON...
CLICK
WAS SHE JUST ASKING YOU WHAT I WAS WEARING?
UH-HUH. AND WHEN I TOLD HER SHE GOT ALL HOT AND BOTHERED...
GO FIGURE, HUH?
...THAT'S WHAT WE GUYS DO, DIANE — WE LIKE TO NAIL EACH OTHER TO THE WALL! -HA! HA! HA! HA!-
GLUG! GLUG!
WELL? AREN'T YOU FLATTERED? OR ISN'T LISA YOUR TYPE?
I'M AFRAID SHE ISN'T...
TOO SHORT. TOO OLD...
NO OFFENSE.

DAYS LATER.
WOW! ANOTHER SPARE! YOU'RE GETTING PRETTY GOOD AT THIS GAME, "MOM"!
IT'S ALL STARTING TO COME BACK TO ME NOW...
..BUT I'M GLAD THEY KEEP SCORE AUTOMATICALLY NOW, SINCE I'VE COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN HOW...
YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO TIE YOUR BOWLING SHOES ANYMORE! LOOK VELCRO!
THEY SHOULD CALL THIS GAME...
...BOWLING FOR IDIOTS! HA!HA!HA!HA!
HEY, LET'S GET ANOTHER PITCHER!
OH, I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD. I STILL HAVE TO DRIVE..
AWW, C'MON, MOM! WE CAN SOBER UP LATER BY PIGGING OUT ON SOME MORE POTATO SKINS!
WELL. ALL RIGHT...
THAT'S THE SPIRIT!
I'LL BET THIS IS THE MOST FUN YOU'VE HAD IN A LONG TIME, RIGHT?
I AM HAVING FUN, BUT I CAN'T HELP FEELING GUILTY, WHAT WITH BRAD BEING IN THE HOSPITAL AND ALL...
OH, PISH-POSH. THAT'S HIS PROBLEM..
NOW WATCH THIS... HERE COMES A STRIKE..
FLING!
BASH!
DRAT! GUTTER BALL!
I DON'T GET IT... FALLIN' FLAT ON MY ASS WORKED FOR ME LAST TIME...
I HOPE NOBODY I KNOW IS WATCHING THIS!


MEANWHILE
WELP, HERE WE ARE, IN THE BEE-YOO-TEE-FUL PACIFIC NORTHWEST. HOW DO YOU LIKE IT SO FAR, JAY?
SURE BEATS THE HECK OUT OF NEW JERSEY..
WHAT WAS YOUR REASON FOR MOVING BACK AGAIN? I FORGET..
JEEZ, DAMNED IF I KNOW...
IT'S BECAUSE SEATTLE IS TOO NICE, THAT'S WHY...
NO, I MEAN SERIOUSLY..
I AM SERIOUS! I ALWAYS FELT LIKE I STUCK OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB, PERSONALITY-WISE, IN THIS TOWN...
I DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE IN A "NICE" PLACE LIKE SEATTLE...I JUST SPOIL THE SCENERY...
I SEE SO IT'S BACK TO YOUR "ROOTS" FOR YOU, HUH?
SOME-THING LIKE THAT.
BY THE WAY, WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO ABOUT ALL THIS STUFF YOU'VE BEEN PURCHASING ON THIS TRIP?
HUH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I MEAN, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO GET RID OF SOME OF IT SOMEHOW, 'CUZ THERE'S HARDLY ANY ROOM LEFT FOR MY STUFF!
THAT'S NO PROBLEM. I'LL JUST SELL SOME OF IT.

SELL IT? HOW? AND TO WHOM?
TO ANYBODY! FROM WHAT I HEAR SEATTLE IS JUST CRAWLING WITH YOUNG, TRENDY TYPES, AND NO ONE SPENDS THEIR MONEY MORE FOOLISHLY THAN THEY DO...
I'LL BET I CAN EVEN MAKE A BUCK OFF OF YOUR OLD ROOMMATES.
OH, I DOUBT THAT. THEY BARELY MAKE ENOUGH TO COVER THEIR NECESSITIES...
YEAH, WELL, YOU'D BE SURPRISED BY WHAT SOME PEOPLE THINK OF AS "NECESSITIES" THESE DAYS...
C'MON, GIVE ME THE LOWDOWN ON EACH ONE OF YOUR EX-ROOMIES...
THE "LOWDOWN"?
YEAH, YOU KNOW, LIKE THEIR NAMES, AGES, HOBBIES, ETC..
OH...WELL, UM, THERE'S VALERIE..
SHE'S A GIRL..
UH-HUH.. THAT WOULD'VE BEEN MY FIRST GUESS...
...THE BULK OF HER "DISPOSABLE INCOME" IS SPENT ON CLOTHING, AND VARIOUS FASHION ACCESSORIES...
MOST OF WHICH IS SECOND HAND, BUT SHE SURE BUYS A LOT OF IT...
WELL, THAT'S A CINCH. WE'LL JUST SELL HER SOME OF THOSE SHIRTS WE BOUGHT...
BUT, THOSE ARE GUY'S SHIRTS!
DOESN'T MATTER. ALL WOMEN WEAR MEN'S CLOTHES SOMETIMES...
LIKE HOW ABOUT THAT COWBOY SHIRT, THE ONE WITH THE PEARL BUTTONS? THERE'S NO WAY SHE'LL PASS THAT ONE UP..
HMMM...
WHO ELSE IS THERE?
WELL, THERE'S "STINKY"... YOU REMEMBER HIM FROM THE OLD DAYS, DON'T YOU? HE WAS THIS LITTLE PSEUDO-PUNK ROCKER...
YOU MEAN LEONARD BROWN? SURE, I REMEMBER HIM...
EASY PICKIN'S, MY FRIEND.. EASY PICKIN'S..
DATA TECH

LATER.
HELLO, EVERYONE!
WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE! THE DESERTING RAT RETURNS!
HI, BUDDY..
SO, HOW'S LIFE IN THE OLD COUNTRY?
OH, NOT BAD.
HEY STINKY, YOU REMEMBER JAY, DON'T YOU?
HIYA. "STINKY."
YEAH, SURE, HIYA...
SAY, WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE HOLDING IN YOUR HAND?
WHAT, THIS? OH, JUST SOME STUFF WE PICKED UP ALONG THE WAY...
THAT'S BOSS HOGG'S CAR! FROM "THE DUKES OF HAZZARD"! I HAD THAT MODEL WHEN I WAS A KID!
LEMME SEE THAT!
WHOA NOW, HOLD ON A SEC...
BOSS HOGG'S CAR!
BOSS HOGGS
I PAID GOOD MONEY FOR THIS, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE ME IF I SEEM A BIT . OVER-PROTECTIVE.
HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR IT? NAME YOUR PRICE!
mmmmm TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS .
?!? TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS?! WHO DO I LOOK LIKE, DADDY WARBUCKS?!
OKAY, TWENTY...
TEN!
TWENTY BUCKS I PAID FIFTEEN FOR IT, SO I OUGHTA MAKE SOMETHING FOR ALL MY TROUBLE..
FORGET IT(UMPF) I DON'T HAVE TWENTY BUCKS (GRUNT!)
JUST LET ME LOOK AT IT FOR A SEC..
LEAP! JUMP!
TWENTY BUCKS.
OKAY, HERE'S YOUR LOUSY TWENTY BUCKS! NOW GIMME THAT BOX!
HERE YA GO. .
OH BOY... (SNIFF!) BOSS HOGG'S CAR... I'M SO HAPPY.. (SNIFF!)
SO WHAT'S WITH THE BOX OF CLOTHES, BUDDY? I THOUGHT YOU WERE MOVING OUT, NOT MOVING IN!

ACTUALLY, WE'RE JUST TRYING TO UNLOAD THIS STUFF, SO IF YOU SEE ANYTHING YOU LIKE, IT'S YOURS
FOR A PRICE..
THEY'RE ALL FOR SALE, HUH?
KNOWING YOU THEY PROBABLY ALL HAVE B.O. STAINS, BUT I'LL TAKE A LOOK ANYWAY
SO, HOW'S LISA? I'M SURPRISED SHE DIDN'T COME WITH YOU...
SHE WASN'T FEELING UP TO IT, BUT SHE'S FINE OTHERWISE...
SHE'S REALLY HITTING IT OFF WITH MY MOM, BELIEVE IT OR NOT..
YES, WELL, LISA WILL PAL AROUND WITH ANYBODY, DEPENDING ON THE CIRCUMSTANCES...
NO OFFENSE TO YOUR MOTHER..
NONE TAKEN..
HEY BUDDY. WHAT DO YOU GUYS HAVE PLANNED FOR THIS EVENING?
NO PLANS. WE WERE GONNA JUST PLAY IT BY EAR...
WELL THEN LET'S GO OUT AND RAISE HELL, JUST FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE! WHADAYA SAY, BUDDY?
OOH, THIS ONE'S NICE ARE YOU REALLY SELLING THESE?
I WOULDN'T MIND STEPPING OUT FOR A DRINK OR TWO..
HOW ABOUT YOU, JAY? YOU IN THE MOOD FOR ANYTHING?
WHO, ME? I WANNA HEAR SOME LIVE GRUNGE MUSIC, AND PARTY ALL NIGHT WITH TAD.
C'MON, MAN, BE SERIOUS
I AM BEING SERIOUS! THIS IS MY FIRST VISIT TO SEATTLE! AND YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY: WHEN IN ROME...
WELL SHIT, I WOULDN'T KNOW WHERE TO TAKE YOU. AND HOW DOES ONE GO ABOUT FINDING "TAD"?
THAT'S EASY! I SEE TAD DOYLE ALL OVER THE PLACE! HOW DOES ONE NOT FIND "TAD"?!
YA SEE? THERE YA GO...
I'LL GO CHECK THE LISTINGS FOR THE MOST LIKELY LOCATIONS...
THEN I'LL COLLECT MY STASH AND WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY!
?
HEH-HEH
YOU'RE PUTTING ME ON, AREN'T YOU...
NO I'M NOT! I'M DEAD SERIOUS!
HEY, HOW MUCH FOR THIS RED COWBOY SHIRT WITH THE PEARL BUTTONS?

THAT EVENING
SO TAD, HOW'S THE NEW RECORD COMING ALONG?
IT'S IN THE CAN ALREADY, MY FRIEND. AND PLEASE EXCUSE MY LACK OF MODESTY, BUT I MUST SAY THAT IT IS TOTALLY BALLS ON...
ALL RIGHT!
At the Withered Willie, the party never ends
AND I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING ELSE: I DO BELIEVE THE STARS ARE FINALLY IN OUR FAVOR.
WE'RE GOIN' FOR THE GOAL, BOYS, AND THIS TIME WE'RE TALKIN' WORLD CUP. (BELCH!)
RIGHT ON, MAN! NOBODY DESERVES IT MORE THAN YOU GUYS, AND I MEAN THAT SINCERELY!
OH BROTHER.
SAY, TAD, COULD I GET AN AUTOGRAPHED COPY OF THE BANNED VERSION OF "8-WAY SANTA" FROM YOU?
...I CAN GIVE YOU A CHECK FOR IT NOW.
GIVE ME YOUR ADDRESS AND I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO
(PSST! JAY!)
JAY! C'MERE! I WANNA TALK TO YOU!
'SCUSE ME FOR A SECOND, TAD...
WHAT'S UP, BUDDY?
GLUG! GLUG!
OH, NOTHING MUCH. I'M JUST WONDERING WHAT THE HELL'S GOTTEN INTO YOU!
?!?
WILL SOMEONE PASS ME ANOTHER BEER, PLEASE? (BURP!)
THAT'S RIGHT! MORE BEER FOR ME AND MY PAL TAD!

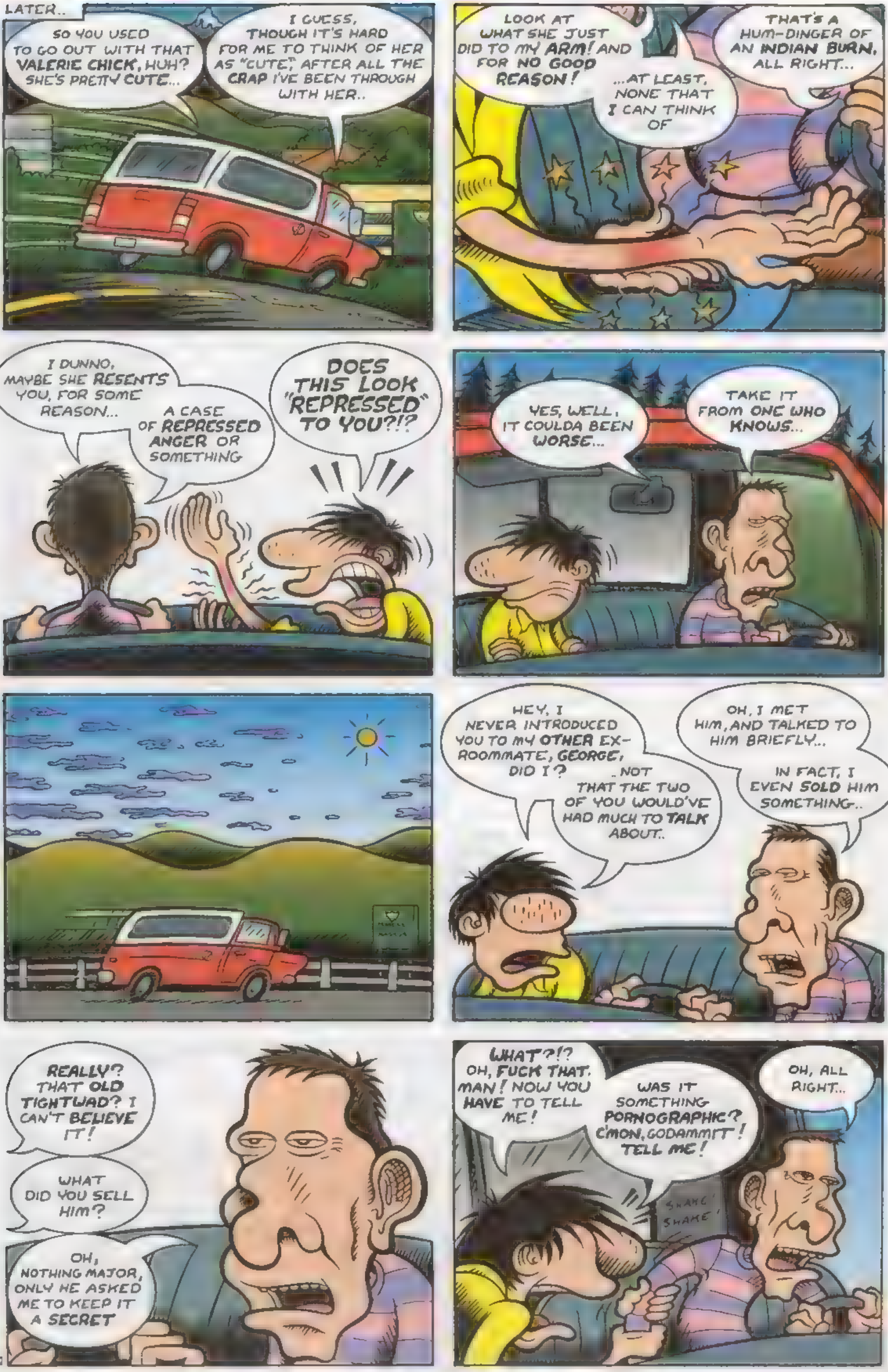
WHY, WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?
I CAN'T BELIEVE THE WAY YOU'RE SUCKING UP TO THAT GUY, ASKING FOR HIS AUTOGRAPH AND EVERY-THING..
YOU'RE AN EVEN BIGGER "FAME WHORE" THAN STINKY IS!
TSK, TSK.. I GOTTA TELL YOU, BUDDY, THAT YOUR HIGH AND MIGHTY ATTITUDE CAN GET PRETTY TIRESOME AT TIMES. WHAT'S IT TO YOU IF I KISS A LITTLE BUTT NOW AND THEN?
BESIDES, DO YOU REALLY THINK HE MINDS? GETTING SLOBBERED OVER IS WHAT BEING FAMOUS IS ALL ABOUT!
I LOVE YOU, TAD..
WELL PARDON ME IF I SEEM LIKE A SNOB, BUT I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL PUT OFF BY THIS WHOLE SCENE...
I'M HEADING BACK DOWN-STAIRS...
HOLD ON, I'LL GO WITH YOU... I WANNA SEE WHO'S PLAYING...
NICE TO MEET YOU, TAD, AND DON'T FORGET ABOUT MY RECORD!
I WON'T, BUT, UH, AREN'T YOU FORGETTING ABOUT YOUR FRIEND HERE?
LET THEM GO, TAD. I WANNA STAY HERE WITH YOU.
LATER, DOWNSTAIRS.
..BLAH BLAH BLAH LITHIUM BLAH BLAH.. HATE MY JOB MUMBLE GRUMBLE... SOMETHING ABOUT SEX MUTTER GRIPE
PLUNK! PLUCK!
NOW, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THE MESSAGE IS THAT THIS ACT IS TRYING TO CONVEY..
I THINK THEY'RE TRYING TO TELL US IT'S TIME TO LEAVE
...WHOA! LOOK AT THAT!!!
WHO? WHAT? WHERE?
(LOOK DOWN AND TO YOUR LEFT, AND TELL ME THAT ISN'T THE FINEST ASS YOU'VE EVER SEEN)...
.. MY OH MY, JUST LOOK AT HER! HOW DID SHE EVEN GET INTO THIS PLACE? SHE CAN'T BE A DAY OVER SEVEN-TEEN.
WHO KNOWS AND WHO CARES?!? C'MON, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
I'M NOT MOVING FROM THIS SPOT!
I-YI-YI

MEANWHILE...
WOW, THAT WAS FUN! I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW YOU COULD GO TO CHURCH AT NIGHT!
UH-HUH.. NOW WHERE DID I PARK THE CAR...
OH, THERE IT IS..
OUR LADY OF GRATUITOUS WEEPING AND WAILING
TODAY'S SERMON
NOT ALL PRIESTS ARE PERVERTS
EVENING MASS IS THE ONLY TIME THEY HAVE FOLK MUSIC, WHICH I MUCH PREFER TO THAT ORGAN MUSIC...
THOSE FOLK SINGERS WERE GREAT! THEY WERE SO SHMALTZY AND SEVENTIES-ISH!
ARE "FOLK MASSES" A NEW THING?
NO, THEY'VE BEEN DOING IT FOR YEARS...
ALTHOUGH I CAN STILL REMEMBER WHEN SERVICES WERE PERFORMED ENTIRELY IN LATIN..
IN LATIN?! REALLY?
HOW WEIRD...
THAT MUST'VE BEEN NICE, THOUGH, HEARING THE PRIEST TALK IN SOME SPOOKY OLD LANGUAGE, WHILE SITTING INSIDE ONE OF THOSE BIG OLD CATHEDRALS..
IT SOUNDS COZY..
ACTUALLY THOSE OLD CHURCHES CAN BE PRETTY COLD AND DRAFTY.
DIDN'T YOU EVER GO TO CHURCH WHEN YOU WERE LITTLE, LISA?
NO, NEVER. MY FOLKS DIDN'T BELONG TO ANY RELIGION AT THE TIME...
IN FACT, MY FATHER USED TO BE ANTI-RELIGIOUS, AND MADE FUN OF CHURCH-GOERS ALL THE TIME...
HMMM

BUT AFTER I MOVED AWAY MY MOM BECAME AN OBNOXIOUS BORN AGAIN CHRIS-TIAN...
NOW SHE'S ALWAYS GOING ON ABOUT HOW ABORTION IS MURDER AND STUFF LIKE THAT...
YES, WELL, EVEN THOUGH I'M TECHNICALLY "PRO-CHOICE", I CAN'T SAY YOUR MOTHER IS EN-TIRELY WRONG...
WELL, IN THAT CASE I MUST BE A SERIAL KILLER, SINCE I'VE HAD, LIKE, A MILLION ABORTIONS...
?!? I BEG YOUR PARDON? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, A "MILLION"?
WELL, NOT A MILLION, OF COURSE, BUT I'VE HAD MY FAIR SHARE...
AND EXACTLY HOW MANY IS THAT, LISA? I WANT TO KNOW...
FIVE, OKAY? I'VE HAD FIVE!
AND BELIEVE ME, IT'S NO BIG DEAL...
YOU'VE HAD FIVE ABORTIONS?
SCREECH!
UH-OH...
LISA, THAT'S TERRIBLE!!! HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT IT'S "NO BIG DEAL"? ARE YOU REALLY THAT INDIFFERENT ABOUT IT?
OKAY, SO I'LL ADMIT THAT THEY'RE A PAIN IN THE BUTT...
PLUS THEY AIN'T CHEAP, THAT'S FOR SURE...
BUT DIDN'T YOU USE ANYTHING TO PROTECT YOURSELF?! I WOULD THINK THAT AFTER ONLY ONE ABORTION THAT YOU'D BE EXTRA CAREFUL.
WHAT, DO YOU MEAN BIRTH CONTROL? WELL SURE, I USE A DIAPHRAGM...
..SOMETIMES.. *GULP!*
AND WHAT ON EARTH WAS BUDDY THINKING? DOES HE EVEN KNOW ABOUT THIS?
OH FOR GOODNESS SAKES, THEY WEREN'T ALL HIS!
SO CAN WE PLEASE LEAVE HIM OUT OF THIS CON-VERSATION?!
AND WILL YOU PLEASE JUST DRIVE THE CAR?
WILL YOU?
PLEASE?!?
BRUMMMMM...

. LISA, I HATE TO HAVE TO ASK YOU THIS, BUT DO YOU LOVE BUDDY?
WELL, YEAH .. SORT OF..
"SORT OF." AND HOW ABOUT BUDDY? IS HE IN LOVE WITH YOU?
OH JEEZ, I DON'T KNOW...
HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW?
HOW SHOULD Y—?!? WELL, IF HE WON'T TELL YOU, YOU COULD TRY ASKING HIM, COULDN'T YOU?
OH YEAH, RIGHT HE'LL JUST TELL ME WHAT HE THINKS I WANT TO HEAR. .
IT WOULDN'T MEAN ANYTHING...
OKAY, I GET YOUR DRIFT, BUT LET ME ASK YOU THIS...
I KNOW THE TWO OF YOU HAVE NO PLANS TO GET MARRIED, BUT HAVE YOU EVEN DISCUSSED THE SUBJECT?
EWWW, MARRIAGE?! NO WAY!!!
NO OFFENSE, BUT ...EWWW...
SIGH SORRY I ASKED...
BUT, NOW, LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT...
GROANN .
YOU JUST MOVED A THOUSAND MILES AWAY FROM WHERE YOU GREW UP TO A PLACE WHERE YOU HAVE NO FRIENDS OR FAMILY TO BE WITH A GUY WHO HAS NO INTENTION OF MARRYING YOU, AND WHO MAY NOT EVEN LOVE YOU—AM I CORRECT?
GULP I...GUESS.. .I .
SO WHAT WILL YOU DO IF BUDDY DECIDES TO DUMP YOU? HAVE YOU EVEN THOUGHT ABOUT THAT?
I DON'T KNOW. I...I .
I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU, LISA! DON'T YOU HAVE ANY SELF-ESTEEM AT ALL?!
OF COURSE I DON'T! ISN'T IT OBVIOUS!?
BOO-HOO-HOO!!
SIGH I'M GOING TO HAVE TO HAVE A SERIOUS TALK WITH BUDDY WHEN HE GETS HOME...
NO, DON'T! PLEASE DON'T SAY ANYTHING TO HIM!!! PLEASE?!?
BOO-HOO-HOO!

THE NEXT DAY...
I DON'T GET IT! WHY ARE YOU GUYS SPLITTING SO SOON? I HAD A BLAST LAST NIGHT, DIDN'T YOU?
WELL SURE, BUT YOU KNOW HOW IT IS...TIME IS MONEY...
SO TELL ME, GEORGE, HOW'VE THINGS BEEN GOIN' SINCE I LEFT? ARE VAL AND STINKY DRIVING YOU CRAZY YET?
OH, IT HASN'T BEEN TOO BAD...
...IN FACT, WE'VE ALL BEEN GETTING ALONG JUST FINE EVER SINCE YOU'VE BEEN GONE...
GO FIGURE, HUH?
UH, YEAH. GO FIGURE...
Y'KNOW, IT'S FUNNY YOU SHOULD MENTION MONEY, JAY...
?
?
BECAUSE THAT'S EXACTLY WHY YOU GUYS SHOULD STAY HERE..
THERE'S A LOT OF MONEY TO BE MADE IN THIS TOWN! JUST ASK BUDDY! THESE PEOPLE ARE EASY PICKIN'S!
IN FACT, WE SHOULD GO INTO BUSINESS TOGETHER!
WE SHOULD? DOING WHAT?
OH, I DON'T KNOW...ANYTHING!
WE COULD MANAGE SOME BANDS, OR SELL POT— OR BOTH!
HMMMM.. I DON'T KNOW...THAT'S PRETTY HEADY STUFF YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT...
I'M STRICTLY SMALL-TIME, MYSELF... I'LL ONLY WEIGH YOU DOWN, STINKY..
YA THINK SO, HUH? WELL, I WON'T ARGUE WITH YOU...
LOSER!
SO HOW ABOUT A GOOD-BYE SMOOCH VAL? HMM?
FAT CHANCE, "LOVER BOY".
BUT HOW ABOUT ONE OF THESE INSTEAD...
HEY— OWW!!!
TWIST!
JESUS CHRIST, VAL! THAT HURT!
OH, IT DID NOT, YA BIG SISSY! IT WAS JUST AN INDIAN BURN..
YEAH, BUT INDIAN BURNS HURT
C'MON, BUDDY! LET'S GET ROLLING!

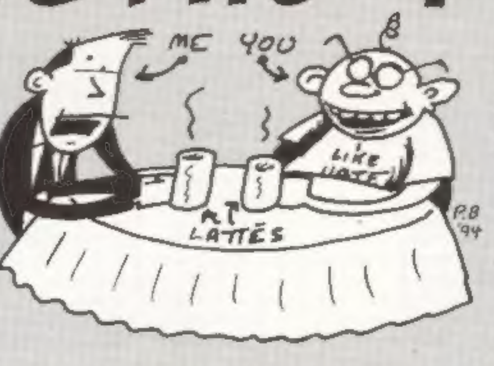

LATER..
SO YOU USED TO GO OUT WITH THAT VALERIE CHICK, HUH? SHE'S PRETTY CUTE...
I GUESS, THOUGH IT'S HARD FOR ME TO THINK OF HER AS "CUTE," AFTER ALL THE CRAP I'VE BEEN THROUGH WITH HER..
LOOK AT WHAT SHE JUST DID TO MY ARM! AND FOR NO GOOD REASON!
...AT LEAST, NONE THAT I CAN THINK OF
THAT'S A HUM-DINGER OF AN INDIAN BURN, ALL RIGHT...
I DUNNO, MAYBE SHE RESENTS YOU, FOR SOME REASON...
A CASE OF REPRESSED ANGER OR SOMETHING
DOES THIS LOOK "REPRESSED" TO YOU?!?
YES, WELL, IT COULDA BEEN WORSE...
TAKE IT FROM ONE WHO KNOWS...
HEY, I NEVER INTRODUCED YOU TO MY OTHER EX-ROOMMATE, GEORGE, DID I?
..NOT THAT THE TWO OF YOU WOULD'VE HAD MUCH TO TALK ABOUT..
OH, I MET HIM, AND TALKED TO HIM BRIEFLY...
IN FACT, I EVEN SOLD HIM SOMETHING..
REALLY? THAT OLD TIGHTWAD? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
WHAT DID YOU SELL HIM?
OH, NOTHING MAJOR, ONLY HE ASKED ME TO KEEP IT A SECRET
WHAT?!? OH, FUCK THAT, MAN! NOW YOU HAVE TO TELL ME!
WAS IT SOMETHING PORNOGRAPHIC? C'MON, GODAMMIT! TELL ME!
SHAKE SHAKE
OH, ALL RIGHT...

IT WAS AN AUTOGRAPHED PICTURE OF "THE AVENGERS"...
NO! ARE YOU SERIOUS?!
SLAP!
MAN OH MAN, WHAT A RIOT! HOW ON EARTH DID YOU KNOW THAT GEORGE HAD A "THING" FOR DIANA RIGG?
I SWEAR TO GOD, YOU ARE A FUCKING GENIUS...
IF I'M SUCH A GENIUS THEN WHY WON'T YOU GO INTO BUSINESS WITH ME?
ARRGH... HERE WE GO AGAIN...
WELL? I WANT TO KNOW! COULD IT BE BECAUSE YOU'VE HAD SO MANY JOB OFFERS THAT YOU CAN'T DECIDE WHICH TO CHOOSE FROM?
HAS THE WHITE HOUSE BEEN CALLING YOU OR SOMETHING?
ALL RIGHT, I'LL ADMIT THAT YOUR OFFER IS MIGHTY TEMPTING, BUT THERE'S STILL A FEW THINGS THAT CONCERN ME...
LIKE WHAT?
WELL, LIKE, IF YOU'RE SUCH A WHIZ AT MAKING A BUCK THEN HOW COME YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO SHOW FOR IT?
LIKE, WHY IS IT YOU STILL LIVE WITH YOUR MOM AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, HMM?
OKAY, I KNEW YOU WERE GONNA ASK ME THAT, AND I CAN EXPLAIN—
... AND WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO OUR BUSINESS IF YOU GET SENT TO PRISON FOR STATUTORY RAPE, HMMM?
DO I GET SOLE OWNERSHIP?
ALL RIGHT, BUDDY, THAT'S ENOUGH. I'M TRYING TO BE SERIOUS HERE...
I'M SERIOUS, TOO! THESE ARE SERIOUS CONCERNS THAT I HAVE THAT NEED TO BE ADDRESSED...
OKAY, SO WE'LL HAVE A LEGAL DOCUMENT WRITTEN UP THAT SAYS THAT IF EITHER ONE OF US GOES TO PRISON FOR ANY REASON THEN THE OTHER ASSUMES SOLE OWNERSHIP!
HOWZAT? ARE YOU HAPPY NOW?
I DUNNO... CAN WE WORD IT THAT WAY? I MEAN, LEGALLY?...
HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW?!? I'M JUST TRYING TO MAKE YOU HAPPY, ASSHOLE!
JESUS CHRIST ON A CRUTCH!

SIGH... OKAY, HERE'S ANOTHER PROPOSITION FOR YA...
NOW PICTURE THIS: YOU APPLY FOR SOME DUMB-ASS JOB AT A McDONALDS, AND I'LL COME IN EVERY DAY TO ORDER A "HAPPY MEAL", AND YOU CAN STAND BEHIND THE COUNTER AND LAUGH AT ME WHILE I PLAY WITH MY FREE TOY AND TRY TO PICK UP HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS...
HEH-HEH...
—WHILE I SIT BACK AND LAUGH AT YOU IN YOUR RETARDED LOOKING UNIFORM!
HOWZAT? IS THAT A PLAN OR WHAT?!?
YIKES!
OKAY, YOU MADE YOUR POINT. YOU GOT YOURSELF A PARTNER...
ALL RIGHT! SHAKE HANDS, PARTNER!
..BUT KEEP IN MIND THAT I'M DOING THIS PARTLY BY DEFAULT...
YOU WON'T FEEL THAT WAY FOR LONG, MY FRIEND —MARK MY WORDS!
FINALLY, BACK AT JAY'S HOUSE...
SAY, ISN'T THAT LISA SITTING ON MY FRONT LAWN?
MY GOD, IT IS! I WONDER HOW LONG SHE'S BEEN HERE!
LISA, WHAT'S GOING ON? AND WHAT'S WITH ALL THE LUGGAGE?
BUDDY, YOU HAVE TO ASK JAY IF WE CAN STAY WITH HIM, BECAUSE I'M NOT GOING BACK TO YOUR PARENTS' HOUSE!
BUT—
YOUR MOTHER IS A HORRIBLE RELIGIOUS FANATIC!
...PLUS YOUR FATHER IS BACK FROM THE HOSPITAL, AND HE SMELLS LIKE A ROTTING CORPSE!
HEY, LOOK! TAD SENT ME MY RECORD ALREADY!
DON'TCHA JUST LOVE IT?—THE END.

Salutations, *Hate* fans, and welcome to THE MEETIN' PLACE!

Yes, here we are, sippin' our lattés (let's pretend, okay?), while you're telling me how much you hated the new *Hate!* Actually, the response to my "new look" has been overwhelmingly positive, so I'm one happy, vindicated camper at the moment. I say vindicated because I'm *never wrong* when it comes to following my own *gut instincts*, and those very same guts are telling me that this issue is a bazillion times better than the last issue in every way imaginable. So to anyone who begs to differ, my guts have news for ya: you're wrong!



Life Imitates Art, Part 247: I recently got a letter from Buddy Bradley look-alike contest winner Jon Horne (from *Hate* #10, remember?) stating that he's now engaged to a woman named Valerie, and what's worse is *she's from France!* This is just one of many instances of real life coming frighteningly close to mirroring events from past issues of *Hate*, most of which involve me, and are too depressing & personal to go into detail about. I guess that's what I get for creating such an overly negative comic book — maybe I should have Buddy win the lottery and then maybe *I'll* win the lottery, or at least *Jon Horne* might win the lottery. Or better yet I should have Buddy & Lisa find a *magic whistle*, and then the same thing will happen to *me!* Whoopie!

Comics worth raising a fuss over that I've come across lately would include the first issue of the new-format ***Drawn & Quarterly***, which features an incredibly powerful & beautifully drawn autobiographical story by Carol Tyler. That should not be missed. Everything else in this ish is top-shelf stuff as well, and for only $5.95 how can you go wrong? Similar kudos apply to another anthology title — and I can't believe it's taken me this long to finally getting around to mentioning it — namely ***Twisted Sisters*** ($3.50, Kitchen Sink). Edited by Diane Noomin, all four issues I've seen so far showcase the most accomplished female artists in the biz, who all manage to out-do themselves on a routine basis within its pages. Another long-neglected title, and also from Kitchen Sink, is ***From Hell***, a 16-part interpretation of the Jack the Ripper murders by Alan Moore and Eddie Campbell, with five issues out so far. I've been enjoying this for the same reason that I've enjoyed everything I've ever read written by Alan Moore. In that, like all raving paranoids, he's incredibly *well informed*, and crams all of his stories with all sorts of seemingly unrelated facts that slowly come together like the jigsaw puzzle. It's like an Oliver Stone movie without the testosterone... Meanwhile, in the desperate, bitter world of self-published comics, I've come across a title that's sure to impress all of you *Hate* readers, namely ***Yikes***, by a newcomer named Steve Weissman, who's got this nicely developed Harvey-comics-meets-Chester-Brown (for lack of a better description) style goin'. Nice production, too. ($2.00 to 83 John St., SF, CA, 94133)... Another professional looking laugh-getter is ***Kablooie***, by a Hallmark cards employee named Vincent. (That's right, just "*Vincent*"!) His art has a jagged, Mark Marek quality to it, and the stories mostly ridicule the mid-western white trash that we all enjoy making fun of. It's worth the $2.00 (p.p.) just to learn where "Booty Juice" comes from! (Earwax Comix, Box 412961, KC, MO, 64141-2961)... I also just got the latest issue of ***James Kochalka, Superstar*** in the mail and I'm impressed! His humor is similar to his friend Sam Henderson's, tho' the art and stories are more fanciful and richer looking. Give it a try! ($2.00 to J. Kochalka, Box 8321, Burlington, VT, 05402.)... One other fanzine I'd like to mention is ***Live Beat***, the contents of which are pretty standard fare (band interviews, 'zine reviews, etc.), only what makes this one interesting is that it's put out by this seething, hyper-ambitious 15-year-old named Yael Grauer. An upcoming issue is supposed to have an interview with *me*, and I'm real curious to see how *that* turns out! ($7.00 to 3238 Lenape Dr. Dresher, PA, 19025)... Now for some letters:

Hey Pete:

On Ish #16: "Girl Talk with Lisa & Valerie" sucks. All the cartoons on the letters page suck. The rest of the issue is great. Go to hell Bagge, you cunt.

Gerby Chucker
New York, NY

It is kinda Close To Home to see Buddy & Lisa in New Jersey! I guess they will end up moving to Williamsburg in BROOKLYN, as do all Jersey dingalings who can't stand the HEAT! W'burg is kinda Seattle wannabe anyway, at least with the coffee houses etc.

It's like Technicolor seein' *Hate* in color, what's next — 3-D?

Regards and thanks again.
Miriam Linna
Brooklyn, NY

What's next, *foil* covers?!
Sincerely,
Tony Consiglio
Queens, NY

Dear Peter,

The Junior cover story in #16 was one of those stories that literally make you laugh out loud! (Even though it was so close to my own life that it was scary. Substitute the gun for an impulse to drive off a bridge once in awhile, and it would have nailed it.)

Number 15 was the first book of yours I picked up. I liked it immensely, so I immediately picked up #16 when it came out. But I'd heard of your book about 3 years ago. After seeing that Rob Liefeld commercial on TV and having some friends of mine tell me old comics were valuable, I picked up a copy of *Comics Values Monthly* (*monthly*?!?), and they mentioned your book several times. I didn't buy it then for several reasons: 1) I didn't know shit about direct market or comic shops, I was buying off newsstands. 2) After an 11-year absence I was trying to figure out *what the hell was going on with comics*. (People would buy 5 copies of *X-Men* #1, the only difference being the covers? Sheesh!)

I'm sorry I'm late, but I'm older and wiser now. Your book is now a must-have, and I'm looking forward to the next issue. (Back issues too when I can get the money.)

Sincerely,
Wade Thomas
Tionesta, PA

Dear Peter Bagge,

It's interesting to see the new version of *Hate*. I don't like it so much, but maybe it's good to experiment, and *Hate* basically has enough to it so it's special even if it's not as good as it was.

There's some pleasure to the coloring in *Hate* #16. But, I like the b/w version of *Hate* better: more effect of profundity, like some b/w movies versus Technicolor movies.

With *Hate* #16, the drawing is more abbreviated, and lacks as much character and intensity as before.

I feel that the story's ending where Buddy has to mow the lawn is a bit lame — no real power to it.

The visit of Buddy with his dad in the hospital seems special. The father and son seem very related. Maybe Buddy would act like his dad if he were an older man who's ailing.

It seems strange to see a black person indignant with white people who use or sell crack. I'm used to the worst fuck-ups with crack being black people. It's strange to see a black person acting like a moral authority with white people; I'm used to seeing black people often act inferior to a lot of white people. With George Hamilton, this old black lady is the second negro character in *Hate* comics who acts like a "whitey."

I like the "Cunt Talk" strip on the back cover. It might be good if you had more "Cunt Talk" strips.

With the coloring and the blander inking in *Hate* #16, the scenes are more cute and less tortured-looking. I like the more dire, tortured look.

Babs's spoiled children seem very real.

About the coloring — I do like the big poot-burning-display panel for the dramatic artistic effect.

For bizarre subject matter, an American anthropologist need never leave the U.S.A.: your comics show that.

I miss that entertaining scoundrel Stinky.

I'm willing to wait longer in order to see better issues of *Hate*.

—Yours,
B.N. Duncan
Berkeley, CA

Okay, that's all for this ish. You can all go home now.

—PB, Dec. '94

(As always, Peter Bagge can be *easily* reached **c/o Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Sea, WA, 98115**)

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